

The Game "Fuck Wit Me"

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(feat. JT)

[The Game]

Yo, it's the nigga with the nasty flow and the clean rag
six-four

With the D's spinnin I can bag a ho

Top down so my rag can show, whatever in the dutch

Purple or orange haze it's just a bag of 'dro

Hit snatch with my khakis on, Aladdin Lounge

In Mark Jacobs denim and Don Magli's on

I'm a gangsta and the birds they love it

20 with a babyface and sit on base like Kirby Puckett

You can't buy a Ferrari fuck it, cop lle' from J

The bricks come with Louis Vuitton luggage

He order rock and cover it, the dimes is free

The quarters is 75, the ball is live

Ain't nobody fumblin on my block

We in the field like Biggs or Marshall Faulk, we runnin
the rock

Nothin less than a hundred a pop, anything less you a
cop

Shoot you and take your vest and your glock,
motherfuckers

[Chorus]

What'chu know about stackin G's; you got to come fuck
wit me

Puffin on sticky green; you got to come fuck wit me

My team is just oh so clean; you got to come fuck wit
me

What'chu know about stackin G's; you gots to come
fuck wit me

[JT]

I'm in the streets like the place is mine, told to cover my
tracks

I push paper to increase my shine

I'm on my chief, jumpin out the wagon like Tyco

And get the kind of paper that these niggaz'll die fo'

Bossed out, camouflage under my vest B

Motorbike, fast cars, broads and jetskis

Rule #1, keep your eye on your cash flow

Cause rule #2 will get rid of your best so
None of 'em best show, ridin in stress mode
'less they got petrol, pushin that Benz slow
Pick up the Game, let's count some cash
Then we, get to the do', then you put on your mask
On some other shit, ridin wit'cha boy now
We on the West coast, seek and destroy now
It's like when Cal-Berkeley whooped on that
Georgetown
We had a riot in the streets fin' to blow now fo'sho' now

[Chorus]

[Verse Three - unknown]

The underboss, I'll too fast
Buildin my stocks off the blocks and the wears will sag
Not Gil but tryin to top, the nerd Bill Gates
From the city of project buildings and them mossberg
K's
San Francisco, West coast, Northern Bay, California
Man it's Get Low so best to toast, or torch'll spray on ya
Uhh, makin mafia moves, skate from the cops
Yeah they tried stoppin ya dude
But nah, the ball, it don't stop
A shot callin if I fall then my thoughts gon' flock
Yeah, underboss with Game and Doc Figgaro
Clear {?} and I'm the in-di-vi-dual
Holdin weight, in the dope state
Token the 8-8, oh, fold {?}
Watch our bread and our team skyrocket
Visualize I can rip beam on the cash and not 8 guys
can't stop it

[Chorus]

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